

THE BOSTON MORNING POST.

PUBLISHED DAILY, AT NO. 21 WATER STREET, BY BEALS & GREENE.—CHARLES GORDON GREENE, EDITOR.

VOLUME IX. NO. 47.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
RICHARD M. JOHNSON.

FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,
MARCUS MORTON.

FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM FOSTER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Almost every one is acquainted with the circumstances of the taking of General Prescott, the then commanding officer of the British forces on Rhode Island, by Captain Barton, of Providence. He was exchanged for General Lee, who was previously captured by the British.

Shortly after his exchange, he returned to Rhode Island, and was invited to dine on board the Admiral's ship, with many other officers of the highest grade.—Gen. Prescott was naturally a haughty, imperious man, and as a commander, was very unpopular with his officers and soldiers, and with the citizens of Newport, but was a brave and skillful officer.

It was often the case that boys as well as men were sent from the town on board the Admiral's ship for any offence, and confined there for some time, by the arbitrary authority of those in power. Martial Law was the law of the place. A small lad about thirteen years of age was placed in this situation, previous to General Prescott's return, and was on board, with many others, at the time the General dined there. He did not know Gen. Prescott.

After dinner the wine circulated freely, and a toast and song were repeatedly called for. In the course of the evening the first Lieutenant observed to the Admiral, who was a real jolly son of Neptune, that there was a Yankee lad on board who would shame all their singing.

"Bring him up here," says Prescott. The boy was accordingly brought into the cabin. The Admiral called on him to give them a song. The little fellow being somewhat intimidated by gold-laced coats, epaulets, &c. replied, "I can't sing any songs but Yankee songs." The Admiral perceiving that he was embarrassed, ordered the steward to give him a glass of wine, saying, "come, my little fellow, don't be frightened, give us one of your Yankee songs." Gen. Prescott spoke in his usual haughty, imperious manner, "you d—d young rebel, give us a song, or I'll give you a dozen." The Admiral interfered and assured the lad that he should be set at liberty the next day, "if he would give them a song, any one he could recollect."

The following doggerel, written by a sailor of New- port, was then given, to the great amusement of the company.

"Twaf of a dark and stormy night
The winds and waves did roar,
Bolt Bartow then with twenty men
Went down unto the shore.

And in a whale boat they set off
To Rhodes' Island fair,
To catch a red-coat General
Who then resided there.

Through British fleets and guard boats strong,
They held their d—dous way,
Till they arrived unto their port;
And then did not delay.

A tawny son of Afric's race
Then through the ravine led
And entering then the Overying house
They found him in his bed.

But to get in they had no means,
Except poor Goffee's head,
Who beat the door down, then rush'd in,
And seized him in his bed.

Stop let me put my breeches on,
The Gen'l then did pray,
Your breeches, Missa, I will take,
For dress we cannot stay.

Then through rye stubble him they led,
With shoes and breeches none,
And placed him in their boat quite snug,
And from the shore were gone.

Soon the alarm was sounded loud,
The Yankees they have come,
And stolen Prescott from his bed,
And him they've carried home.

The drums were bent, sky-rockets flew,
The soldiers shone around arms
And march'd around the grounds they knew,
Fulf'd with most dire alarms.

But through the fleet, with muffled oars,
They held their d—dous way,
And landed him on Gunnett shores,
Where Britain held no sway.

When unto the land they came,
Where resue there was none,
"A d—d bold push," the Gen'l said,
Of pris'ners, I am one."

There was a general shout of all the company during the whole song, and at the close, one who was a prisoner on board at the time, observed "he thought the deck would come through with the stamping and the cheering."

General Prescott joined most heartily in the merriment. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he handed the boy a guinea, saying, "here you young dog is a guinea for you!" The boy was set at liberty the next morning.

This anecdote is often related by an aged gentleman now living in Newport. *****

"There is a deep ravine leading from the shore to the house which was occupied by Gen. Prescott."

"Mr. Overing was a Tory, and owned the house in which Gen. Prescott resided."

"He was buried on Narragansett shore near Warwick."

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

DR KING informs his friends and the public that he continues to prepare and affix to buildings, his improved Lightning Conductors. They are approved by all practical and well informed Electricians, as affording superior protection against Lightning to the old form. Gentlemen in want of Lightning Conductors are invited to call at his rooms, No 54 Cornhill, Boston, where they may be satisfied of the superior effects of his Rods, by illustration—where also may be had, Plate and Cylinder Electrical Machines, Galvanic Batteries and their apparatus—all warranted of the best workmanship, and superior power. Prices reasonable, for cash or approved credit.

my 4

LADIES' BATHS.—BRAMAN'S New Baths are now open for the season. Ladies' warm, cold, plunging and shower baths, fitted up in good style and in a separate building. Female attendance at all hours.

Ladies' Swimming School now open for the season, for those who wish to learn to swim, or bathe.

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BALANCE MANUFACTORY.—Patent Balances and Scale Beams manufactured in the best manner, and warranted equal to any of the kind, manufactured and for sale, wholesale or retail, on the most reasonable terms, at the manufactory, No 3 Fulton street, near Clinton street, Boston, by LYMAN LOCKE.

N. B. All Balances repaired at short notice, and warranted.

my 4

THE SUBSCRIBER having obtained Letters Patent for the improvement on Howes' Patent Stiffing for Beds, Mattresses, Cushions, &c., he now offers it for sale, in any quantity, at his establishment, opposite the Hourly Office, Cambridgeport, Mass. It is a species of Grass which has all the elasticity and durability of Hair, and its fragrance, which is extremely pleasant, is repulsive to insects of every description.

my 26

JOSEPH C. SMITH.

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PRICE \$6

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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1835.

The Glorious Fourth.—We are gratified to perceive that the fifty-ninth anniversary of our nation's birth, is to be very generally noticed by public celebrations, this day. We owe it to those departed patriots who periled their all to secure us the privileges we now enjoy, to offer upon the altar of patriotism, annual sacrifice to their memories—and in the performance of that duty, we should not forget those glorious lessons of patriotism which were breathed forth in all their acts, and which form a more enduring monument than even the brazen tablets that tell of their many virtues. The deeds of such men as this day fifty-nine years subscribed their names to the "Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States," are not only the property, but "the jewels" of the nation.

We hope the day and the occasion will be rightly improved—devoted by all to temperate and reasonable enjoyment—to reflection upon the political privileges of which we are the favored recipients—and that the sun may go down upon us a contented and happy people, more resolved than ever to preserve in all its purity, a government which dispenses its blessings indiscriminately to all, and which protects each and every individual in the uninterrupted enjoyment of those precious rights which were established at high cost, by men whose memories it is our bounden duty to reverence and honor.

All the Decency.—What is meant by the Whig, when they assert, as the Federalists used to assert before them, that they have all the decency and all the respectability? If they mean that their party possess all the honesty, all the morality, all the honor, and all the intelligence of the community, they manifest the greatest ignorance or presumption by the assertion. If, on the other hand, they mean that their party, in general, are possessed of the greater share of what is called *gentility*—that they can number in their ranks a larger tribe of fashionable dandies—that their men and their women can get their feet into a smaller shoe, and their hands into a smaller glove than could be worn by the Democrats—if this is what they mean by decency and respectability, we are willing to allow that they may have the greater share. By decency, in the Whig sense of the term, however they might be inclined to define it, is really meant fashion—gentility and coxcombry. The whig ranks are filled with a larger number of those *exquisites*, who can tip their hats with a graceful air—tread lightly upon the soil with artificial step and artificial feet—and who, on account of their wealth or their servility, are allowed to eat at the tables of republican aristocrats, and to repeat to the world the wise sayings of their debauched patrons.

By *respectability*, in the Whig sense of the term, is meant, being well esteemed by the upstarts of the land, who esteem all their servile flatterers—being possessed of a bigoted attachment to all the errors and abuses that exist in our laws, customs, and institutions—paying a scrupulous attention to all arbitrary rules imposed upon the community by parasites from foreign courts—paying strict regard to all foreign fashions—foreign language—foreign pronunciation—foreign opinions, and foreign logic, imported by foreign actors and actresses, toy reviews and court magazines—humbly considered by the party who have all the decency, as the law and the gospel of their faith and conduct. Which party, think you, fellow citizens, bears the greater resemblance to that ancient band of heroes, who fought and bled in our revolutionary struggle for liberty—that party which possesses all the decency and respectability, or that party which is more remarkable for honesty, industry, hardihood and intelligence?

Democracy.—A true democracy is a government in which all power not only emanates from the people, but in which the Constitution provides them the authority to take back any gift which they have conferred and to destroy any power which they have created.—The people of a democracy are under the absolute control of the laws so long as they remain in the book of statutes—but these are such laws only as they have either made or sanctioned by their own voice. They are no more under the control of the laws than the laws are under their control. They have the authority to make and to unmake laws according to their reason, their pleasure, or their caprice, so long as they conform to the Constitution in their legislative acts. But so long as any one of their laws exists every individual of the community is under its absolute control—were it not so their government would be anarchy instead of a democracy. Though they are under the absolute control of the laws, they are no less free on this account, so long as the laws are likewise under their absolute control. A people are free, when they are under the control only of their own laws; they are slaves when they are under the control of laws which they did not make or sanction, and which they have not the power of unmaking. Just so far as the people have lost their legislative influence, by letting it fall into the hands of a particular class of men, their government has become degenerated from a pure democracy into an aristocracy.

The Boston Brass Band. E. Kendall, Leader, will play upon the Common, this evening, near the burial ground. They will commence with Napoleon's Grand Coronation March, and besides a number of National and favorite airs, will play a number of Quicksteps, composed and dedicated as follows: To the N. E. Guards, by C. Zuner; I. B. Fusiliers, by T. Holloway, I. Cadets, by P. Charlton, Jr.; City Guards, by E. Kendall; Mechanic Riflemen, by T. Holloway; Rifle Rangers, by T. Hill; Washington Light Infantry, by T. Holloway; Winslow Blues, by T. Charlton, Jr.

The New Buffalo Theatre. Under the management of Mr. Duffy, opened on the 22nd instant, with *The Hunchback*: *Master Walter*, Mr. Ternan, *Julia*, Mrs. Ternan. By the way we are glad to see the latter lady has laid "Miss Fanny Jarman" on the shelf, and come out boldly as *her husband's wife*.

Naval.—Captain Mistar, of the Brig Noble, arrived in Hampton Roads on Saturday last, in nine days from Havana, informs that the U. S. Schr. Grampus, Lieut. Com. White had just arrived at that port from a cruise. The sloop of War St. Louis, Capt. McCauley, sailed thence a few days previous to 14th for Pensacola.

The Chinese Lady is to be exhibited here next week.

Singular discovery made by reading the Post.—On Saturday last, a man who was employed in driving a covered wagon, was suddenly seized with a fit, and being thus disabled from managing the horses they took flight, upset the wagon, and left him lying senseless on the ground. He says he remained in a state of oblivion till the next Monday, when he awoke, and perceived that he was in bed, but excessively weak from some unknown cause. He remained in this state of wonderment some minutes, till he took up a Morning Post near him, and read therein an account of the accident which had befallen him, on the Saturday previous.

The sch. Alderman, which arrived here yesterday, from Wilmington, N. C., spoke on the 28th ult., lat. 36 1-2, lon. 73 40, ship Saladin, of Newburyport, who reported, that on the 22d, in the Gulf Stream, she fell in with the ship Walter Scott, of Boston, from New Orleans, for Liverpool, *on fire*, having been struck by lightning. Took off the captain and crew, and landed them near Cape Henry. The ship burnt to the water's edge.

Delegate from Florida.—The late canvas for Congress in the territory of Florida, resulted in the election of Col. White by a majority of 17 votes, over all the other candidates, of which there were several. The St. Augustine Herald says Col. W. received 1844 votes—his opponents, 1827.

Virginia.—The Richmond Whig announces, semi-officially, that Mr. Leigh *will not resign*. If he does not, if Virginia has, in reality, any attachment to the principles she professes, it will be, politically, his death-blow.

Canal Tolls.—The tolls received on the N. York State Canals for the week ending on the 21st of June, amount to the sum of \$39,141 20. The collections for tolls from the opening of navigation to the first of July, two months and a half, the Argus says will amount to about \$540,000.

Several spirited citizens of New York are raising contributions in order to have a bust executed in the first style, of the late celebrated Wallace, the hero of the revolution of seventy-six. When completed it will be offered for sale.

The drafts, notes, and checks, taken from the trunk of the Merrimack Bank, have been returned, by a person unknown, sealed, and directed to the President of the Bank.

The usual Salutes will be fired on Mount Washington, to-day, by the Dorchester Artillery.

We dont believe it!—The N. Y. Sun says its daily circulation is but a few scores short of fifteen thousand.

For the Boston Morning Post.
Freemen awake! and hail the glorious morn,
Blest day on which your liberties were born;
Let thundersing cannon tell its glad return,
With holy joy let ev'ry bosom burn,
May joy and gladness ever crown this day,
And splendid bounties gild its ev'ning ray.
Sacred to Freedom! on this day be paid
Such vows as patriots on her altars laid,
"Swear to defend your Country's Rights and Laws"
Or perish nobly in a righteous cause.
Thousands have made such freewill off'rings good,
And seal'd the cov'nant with their precious blood.
What sages plann'd, and heroes bled to gain,
Let every fresh-born son with zeal sustain;
And while each bosom glows with patriot fire,
Let party rancor in its flames expire,
Then shall a blessing on this day descend
And God's own arm your liberties defend. *SENEX.*

Hydrostatic Pressure on the Eyes of Whales.—In the original Miscellany of the last Scientific Tract, is an article on the eye of the whale, which will make most whalemen stare. Admitting (says the writer) a cubic foot of fresh water weighs sixty-five pounds, and the same measure of sea water, sixty-six and a half, the pressure on the bodies of marine animals must indeed be great. Were a cubic foot of the latter to weigh exactly sixty-six pounds, at the depth of eight thousand four hundred feet, the pressure must be the enormous weight of 554,400 pounds. Whales have occasionally run out fourteen warps of a hundred fathoms each, which, if the descent be perpendicular, is just equal to 8400 feet. However, it is probable that this course is usually at an inclination of between seventy and eighty degrees from a vertical line, but arriving nevertheless, at depths much beyond ordinary soundings. Supposing the eye of the whale exposes to the water six square inches in its entire superficies, when the monster dives to the depth to which it has been assumed that he has the power of going, the hydrostatic pressure on the eye will be equal to 23,100 pounds. Six square inches are the twenty-fourth part of a square foot; and at 8400 feet, the weight being 554,400 pounds, it follows, therefore, that the eye resists the force or pressure of just 23,100 pounds.—*N. B. Gaz.*

The Tea Party.—Since the venerable Mr. Hewes—the last survivor of the memorable Tea party—arrived in town, some dozen more persons have presented their claims to the "last survivorship." The truth is, these good old gentlemen and staunch patriots, may have been, and no doubt were, spectators, as boys or young men, and remember the event distinctly, but none of them have any claim to the honor of actual participation. There is an original manuscript list, in existence, the authenticity of which is undoubted, containing the names of each and every individual concerned in that transaction. It will be published in due time. It bears the names of several persons who were never suspected of having had a hand in the business, and it does not contain the names of several persons who have silently and patiently worn the honor. There is no doubt that Mr. Hewes the last and only survivor.

Still another Prize Fight.—The Steamboat Bergen left the foot of Warren Street yesterday at nine o'clock, with Phelan and McGregor, two prize fighters, with their friends. They engaged the boat for a "pleasure excursion," and on landing the parties at Bloomingdale, the Captain, (much to his credit,) when he ascertained their real errand, refused to bring them back to the city. The combatants fought fifty-two rounds, which lasted nearly two hours—at the end of which, Phelan was worsted. But the fact of McGregor's biting Phelan's finger nearly off, at the fifth round, entitles the latter to the money. McGregor is an Irishman; and Phelan, (who has a hand in almost every thing of this kind which occurs here) claims to be American born. The stakes were \$200 a side.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Accident.—Yesterday morning Mr. G. S. Nelson was enjoying his new gig (one of Capen & Bryant's late style) when coming in contact with a truckman's cart on Union street near the Commercial Coffee House, his horse became frightened, upset and broke the body and shafts of the gig, and ran to his stable. The person of Mr. N. was not injured; but the vehicle which was "a worshiped one" is now repairing.—*N. Bedford Gaz.*

Fire in Wacham.—On Wednesday morning about 1 o'clock, the large Nail Factory on the Wacham River, caught fire, and, as we learn, was entirely consumed. It was owned by Messrs Howland, Tobey, and others.

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CHARLESTOWN POLICE.

Assault on a Female.—Having accidentally learned that a man was to be arraigned on Thursday afternoon, before a Charlestown magistrate, for an outrageous assault on a young woman, and feeling curious to learn how such weighty matters were managed beyond the precincts of the Literary Emporium, we repaired, at the appointed hour, to the far-famed town in which the trial was to be held, and precisely as the clock struck four, found ourselves in the unpretending court-room of a venerable Middlesex magistrate. As customary, as we are, to courts, making, at least, some pretensions to style and architectural elegance, interior as well as exterior, we could not fail of being struck with the absence of even the apology for these qualities in the anti-round-or-square-room in which we found ourselves. The apartment had no less than five sides, no two of which faced each other, or were of corresponding size; literally, it had neither length nor breadth, depth, diameter or circumference, and when the grand problem of the quadrature of the circle is solved, the next mathematical poser that is proposed for solution, should be—"The five sides of the Charlestown criminal court room being given, required the area thereof."—No lofty gallery, supported by fluted columns, projected over the principal entrance, affording an eligible position for "gentlemen of color," whose litigious dispositions render our judicial proceedings peculiarly interesting to them. Of the furniture and accommodations within the court, it is sufficient to say, that from their absolute dissimilarity from what is to be found in others, they were in perfect keeping and harmony with the shape—if shape had none?

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What sages plann'd, and heroes bled to gain,
Let every fresh-born son with zeal sustain;
And while each bosom glows with patriot fire,
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Still another Prize Fight.—The Steamboat Bergen left the foot of Warren Street yesterday at nine o'clock, with Phelan and McGregor, two prize fighters, with their friends. They engaged the boat for a "pleasure excursion," and on landing the parties at Bloomingdale, the Captain, (much to his credit,) when he ascertained their real errand, refused to bring them back to the city. The combatants fought fifty-two rounds, which lasted nearly two hours—at the end of which, Phelan was worsted. But the fact of McGregor's biting Phelan's finger nearly off, at the fifth round, entitles the latter to the money. McGregor is an Irishman; and Phelan, (who has a hand in almost every thing of this kind which occurs here) claims to be American born. The stakes were \$200 a side.—*N. Bedford Gaz.*

Accident.—Yesterday morning Mr. G. S. Nelson was enjoying his new gig (one of Capen & Bryant's late style) when coming in contact with a truckman's cart on Union street near the Commercial Coffee House, his horse became frightened, upset and broke the body and shafts of the gig, and ran to his stable. The person of Mr. N. was not injured; but the vehicle which was "a worshiped one" is now repairing.—*N. Bedford Gaz.*

Fire in Wacham.—On Wednesday morning about 1 o'clock, the large Nail Factory on the Wacham River, caught fire, and, as we learn, was entirely consumed. It was owned by Messrs Howland, Tobey, and others.

Naval.—Captain Mistar, of the Brig Noble, arrived in Hampton Roads on Saturday last, in nine days from Havana, informs that the U. S. Schr. Grampus, Lieut. Com. White had just arrived at that port from a cruise. The sloop of War St. Louis, Capt. McCauley, sailed thence a few days previous to 14th for Pensacola.

The New Buffalo Theatre. Under the management of Mr. Duffy, opened on the 22nd instant, with *The Hunchback*: *Master Walter*, Mr. Ternan, *Julia*, Mrs. Ternan. By the way we are glad to see the latter lady has laid "Miss Fanny Jarman" on the shelf, and come out boldly as *her husband's wife*.

Accident.—Yesterday morning Mr. G. S. Nelson was walking into the Army and Navy Chronicle, has proceeded with the Dragons from Fort Leavenworth on an excursion to the Otto Village, near the Platte River and Council Bluffs, in the vicinity of the Pawnees and Arikarees. His intention is, if possible, to reach the sources of the Yellow Stone, in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, and to visit there the Crows and Blackfeet.

Buffalo Theatre Prize Cup.—Jesse Walker, Esq. has walked into the prize of \$50, for the best address offered to the Buffalo Theatre, at its recent opening.—Judging from the quality of this address, we should think it was Hobson's choice—"this or none."—*N. Y. Gaz.*

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Sch Hassass, Covil, St. John, PR, 16th ult. Left ship A1
for New York, 12th ult. Two Sisters, Phaidi inc. Sch Bos-
ton, for Portland, 12th ult.

Sch Adelphi, Lamart, Wilmington, N. C. Spoke 28th
ult, 1st 12th 13th 20th 30th Saladin, of Newburyport, from
New Haven, for Marselles.

Sch Ward, Atkins, Philadelphia.

Sch Ella, Small, Philadelphia.

Sch Vista, Eink, Philadelphia.

Sch Mystic, Battell, Fishkill.

Sch Albermar, Lombard, Wilmington, NC.

Sch Mt Hope, Chase, Washington, NC.

Sch Chesterfield, Hamblet, Philadelphia.

Sch Agemon, Thompson, Philadelphia.

Sch Columbia, Philadelphia.

Sch Alabama, Howes, Philadelphia.

Sch Fornax, Elwell, Philadelphia.

Sch Doreas, Soule, Philadelphia.

Sch Atlanta, Lancaster, Philadelphia.

Sch Diana, Smith, Philadelphia.

Sch Niagara, Lovett, Albany.

Sch Forrester, Russell, Philadelphia.

Sch Mary, Robinson, Alexandria.

Sch Annawan, Paine, Richmond.

Sch Climax, Quincy, Gardner.

Sch Crown, Baker, Providence.

Sch James, Miller, Bangor.

Sch Diamond, Hartford.

Sch Cross, Baker, Providence.

Sch Eveline, Rogers, Philadelphia.

Sch Maria, Benck, Kingston, N. Y.

Sch Seneca, Lewis, Philadelphia.

Sch Orion, Sears, Albany.

Sloop Washington, Bates, Rochester.

Below—brig Orb, and three other briggs.

CLEARED.

Ships Gloucester, Cambray, New Orleans; Bragaqua, Stin-

s, Bon, New York, Ryker, Alexander; schs Falcon,

Mar., St. Peter, N. F., Mary, Anderson, Liverpool, N. S.; Sir

Howard Douglas, Bride, Windsor; Hope, Rockport, Bridgeport;

Benj Bigelow, Wells, Albany; Lydia, Mills, Hartford; Pearl,

Lewis, do; Echo, Grattan, Portland; Peru, Staples, do; Ma-

ry, Pope, Pells; Pearl, Colby, Newburyport; sloops Glide,

Kelly, New London; Nantucket, Myrick, Nantucket; Juven-

ta, Kingston.

6 PM—brigs Victor, Bait; Ida, Bait; Jo, Gen-

schs Resende, Mary, New York; Tropic, Lewis, do; Oscar,

Baker, do; Wm. Wallace, Baker, and Hellsworth, Beck, do;

Delight in Pearl, Providence; Rambler, Portsmouth; Satel-

lite, Dover; Herald, Hallowell; Anguilla, Saco; Henry,

Gloucester; sloop Hector, Plymouth.

Offices of the Gazettes,

SALEM, July 3—arr brig Quill, Swasey, 73 ds from Majunga,

and 41 fm St. Helena. Left at Zanzibar, brig Tigris, Waters,

115 ds fm Salem, via Majunga, just arr. Brig Pal, Miller, 89

ds fm Salem, touched a Zanzibar 17th Feb., and proceeded to

the northward. Sailed for St. Helena in co with bark Reaper,

Worth, in a whaling voyage for Salem, with 300 bbls sperm

oil. Left at St. Helena, brig Belvidera, Kuapp, 90 ds fm Salem,

to sail in 3 ds for West coast of Africa. Spruce, June 30, lat

41 N. long 60 W. ship, Herald of Portland, 56 days from

Liverpool, for New York.

Shipping Lists to May 29.

At Trieste 16th, York, Baker, Matuzas; Mars, Rand, Mo-

bie.

At Helvoet 25th, James, Ellis, Boston.

At Antwerp 29th, Borneo, Manila.

At Bremen 22d, Margaret, Gage, Boston.

At Cuxhaven 26th, Cybelle, Matanzas.

At Crotch 13th, Byron, Boston.

At Havre 23d, Havre, Deprester, N. Y. York.

At Liverpool 25th, Mogul, Blake, Savannah.

SPOKEN.

12th ult, lat 21 10, lon 8 35, sch Mt Moriah, hence for Mans-

nilla.

June 8, lon brig Rome, fm Bordeaux, for New York.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE AMER-

ICAN GALLERY—SUMMER STREET.

WILL be opened on WEDNESDAY, July 17, at 7 o'clock,

with a collection of Paintings, most of which are the

works of American Artists, and have never been before exhib-

ited in this city.

Admittance 25 cts. Season Tickets 50 cts. Catalogues 124

cts. June 18 1mrs H. C. PRATT.

THE DIORAMA

IS RE-OPENED,

At the corner of Tremont and Boylston street, with the Grand

Picture of

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST,

Painted on 2000 feet of canvas.

Open from 8 in the morning till dusk. Admittance 25

cents. Season Tickets 50 cents. ST&T j27

NOTICE.—The Creditors of the late firm of NATHAN-

IEL HOBART & CO, are hereby notified, that in addition

to the 45 per cent already paid, the balance 55 per cent, making

in all 100 cents on the dollar, will be paid on presentation

of certificates, the 7th inst, at the Counting Room of

ALMY, BLAKE & CO.

1837 j4

NAVY AGENT'S OFFICE,

Boston, July 4, 1835. J

PROPOSALS will be received at this Office until the

5th instant, at 12 o'clock, noon, for furnishing and laying at

the Navy Yard, Charlestown, Mass., the following, viz:

1. A large brick building, to be used for a hospital, not building

in said Navy Yard—to be of the 1st imperial size.

2. A small brick building, to be used for a hospital, not building

in said Navy Yard—to be of the 1st imperial size.

3. A small brick building, to be used for a hospital, not building

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